I was invited to a lunch party in one of the inland cities of Pennsylvania not long ago, and was much impressed by the appearance of one of the younger ladies present. She was not beautiful, but united the striking characteristics of a brilliant fresh complexion and a profusion of hair, white as snow, which was wound on the top of her head after the fashion of Madrazo's "Marquise," belonging to Mrs. A. T. Stewart. She was very merry, a good talker, and, I must confess, I contrived to occupy the larger part of her attention, with that tendency towards monopolizing the best which the moment affords that I am told is often observed by my familiars.

which the moment affords that I am told is often observed by my familiars.

After bidding adieu to the ladies, I turned to the obliging friend who had been my sponsor at these incidental gayeties of —, and casually remarked, after talking somewhat of my new ac-

"By Jove, what hair! It accents her whole appearance. Wasn't she lucky to achieve it young?"

My friend removed his cigar.

"That depends on how you look at it. I am inclined to think, taking things by and large, that she was. I doubt, however, if she wouldn't say to-day that the price was rather large. And it was a pretty big price. Do you like stories? I'm minded to tell you one, if you like, about that white hair you admire so much."

We went over to the hotel, and some-

We went over to the hotel, and some-thing like this my friend told me: You have no idea, you city people, the interest we country people take in the courtships of young folks. From the time Harry Wells began to slide up to Mamie Clausen at church socials un-til their marriage in the Presbyterian Church the active Church, the entire community gave minute consideration to their affairs. Mamie's father, John Clausen, was and is now a prominent commission merchant, generally considered wealthy, and has always lived at least like a man of means. Mamie was pretty, dashing, a local belle and a great favorite. Har-ry's family lived a few miles from town, and they, too, are people of reputation in the county. Old Jack Wells repre-sented us a few times in the Legislature. and has accumulated in one way and another a handsome property.

The marriage was in every way a suitable one. Harry was educated at Princeton, and, although he had at one time the reputation of being wild, he sotime the reputation of being wild, he so-bered down, and was at any rate such a frank. manly young fellow that he was generally forgiven any indiscretion.

As I say, the marriage was the occa-sion of general rejoicing. Mamie's fa-ther gave her an unusually good send-

off, and the details were sent far and wide through the State. Harry had studied law, although he didn't have much natural inclination for it, the old man thinking his political experience might serve Harry in that way, and had settled down into a country notary, drawing up deeds and doing hack-work of that sort. They lived about four miles out of town, two miles from old Jack's. He had built them a pretty modern cottage on a detached portion of his farm. Harry had his office, an ornamental little structure, a few rods

from the house, and there they lived as happy as two birds.

Gradually Harry picked up business, and finally, through his father, became trustee for the minor heirs. They were an odd lot of children, with a half-crazy mother and no end of coal lands and mining investments. It was a good thing for Harry, although it gave a nat-urally lazy man some additional work. The worst thing was that it obliged him The worst thing was that it obliged him to go to Scranton now and then and leave Mamie. You may imagine that there was a good deal of visiting at the house of two such popular young people, and that four-mile stretch of road was generally kept pretty warm. When Harry had to go away, Mamie would get in her phacton and drive to town, and there was always some of the young people. was always some of the young people ready to go out and keep her company. Harry always insisted that she mustn't stay alone. For a law-abiding State we have a pretty rough element in it, and although we haven't had much to complain of here, there is a general sense of

One August afternoon Harry had an unexpected summons to go to Scranton about a suit connected with the minor heirs. He had recently sold some of their property and had been making va-rious collections, which left in his hands about \$4,500. When he found he had to go off at a few moments' notice, he wrapped up a bundle of papers and his money, and took them into the house. Mamie was making prepara-tions for a picnic they were to go to the next day, and begged him to wait until the day after.

"But, my dear child, I haven't time even to go to town and put these in the bank, so you'll have to take care of them. I'll try and get back in two days at the furthest; meanwhile no body will know that the money is here."

Then he explained to her the value of

the papers and handed her a canvas bag, in which was the \$4,500 belonging to the minor heirs.

Where will I keep it, Harry? Be-"Just like a woman. No. But I declare I don't know where to tell you. The most insecure place apparently is often the most secure. Any place, dear, but between the mattresses. I leave that to you. But you must guard it, if necessary, with your life, for remember the money is not ours, and at all hazards I am responsible. I don't really suppose there is the least danger, for no one knows I have it. But one ought to take proper precautions, and I beg of you not to admit any tramps while I am gone. Tell Sarah not even to allow them to stop long enough to eat a bistween the mattresses! gone. Tell Sarah not even to them to stop long enough to eat a bis-

"All right, dear; we won't let the tramps have a drink even, and I'll take tramps have a drink even, and I'll take care of the money, you may be sure."

Harry bade his wife good-bye and Mamie gave up the picnic. At the end of two days she received a telegram from him, saying he had been detained, and telling her to get some one to stay with her for two days, when he would be at home. She drove into town and one of her old friends went out with her. At the end of two days she had another telegram saying he was detained until legram saying he was detained until the next day. Her friend went home, and in place of Harry came a third telegram, and so every day for ten days he was expected home, and every day came a disappointing telegram. By this time she had became accustomed to her charge, which she had set, like a bag of seed-beans in a corner of a dark closet opening from her room.

The afternoon of the tenth day was a hot, murky afternoon. Mamie had gone upstairs to take a nap and refresh before dressing to meet Harry, who was expected home after the longest absence he had ever made from her.

After a time Sarah came up and told

After a time Sarah came up and told aer there was a tramp down stairs who wanted something to eat and who wouldn't be driven off.

"You oughtn't to leave him a minute alone, Sarah. Go down and watch him, and I will come down and send him

She dressed herself quickly and went down stairs, surprised to find how late it had grown. When she reached the kitchen she found another messenger with another disappointment, but the next day without fail, Harry wrote he would be home. As Mamie turned into the kitchen she heard the tramp and Sarah in evident dispute.
"Yes," said the fellow, "when that

time comes, your mistress will have another ironing-table, helping you, instead of wearing her Sunday clothes every

"An' spoilin' everything for me to do over. I think I see her. I've work enough to do," answered honest Sarah, not indisposed to have a chat over her

Mamie found a graceless-looking fel-low, unshaven and ill-dressed, who with a certain gentlemanly instinct, rose up as she came in.

as she came in.

"I suppose my girl told you we had nothing for you, and that it will be a great kindness if you will leave as soon as possible."

"Yes, she did just that, madam, but I took it upon myself to believe it wasn't so urgent. The truth is, I'm very hungry and dead tired, and I didn't believe but that you would give me something to eat, least I've waited to ask you in person."

Woman are soft-headed creatures. Mamie went and got him something to eat, herself. The darkness that had been increasing for some time came down rapidly, and there burst one of those terrific thunder-storms that gather so suddenly and with such force in this country. After its strength was spent-and I remember that it was the most violent of the season-there fell steady sheets of rain that brought Rock

creek over the bridges before morning. "Madam, it's no use talking. You can't mean to send a fellow out in such a storm," said the tramp as the three stood on the porch watching the storm.
"I'm sorry, but I've no place for

you."
"What, in a house like this. It's a pity there isn't a cranny for a stow-away. I was walking around it, waiting for the girl, and it seemed to me it ought to be able to hold three people." "You are very impertment. I tell you I have no place for you, and the

storm is already breaking away."

As she spoke even the rain came down in blinding sheets, and lightning streak-

ed the heavens.
"Well," he said, carelessly, "we don't
go much on manners on the road, but I know I wouldn't send a dog out such a night as this. I'm not a particular chap, leastwise not nowadays, and I'll have to insist on your giving me some sort of shelter, if it's only your dog-ken-

The man spoke with decision. Mamie felt that, after all, they were really in his power, and possibly it might be worth while to do civilly what she would probably have to do at last.

"I will keep you on one condition," she said. "There is a loft to the house, a sort of garret, which is very comfortable. It is closed with a trap-door, and you may sleep on the lounge there if you will allow us to lock the door on the outside."

"Bless my stars and garters!" he said looking at her curiously. "I don't care when you lock the door."

They took him up stairs, and he climbed up the steep attic stairs. The woman shut the door as he politely bade them good-night, and they fastened the padlock, hearing him chuckle to himself as he kicked off his boots.

"I'd take the key, mum said Sarah.

Mamie took the key with her, and the
two descended to shut up the house.

After they had made everything secure,

they went back up stairs.
"You must sleep in my room to-night,
Sarah," the mistress said. Sarah dragged in her bedding, and made a pallet on the floor, and then, after the custom of women, they examined the closets, looked under the bed and piled the chairs against the locked door. The rain was still falling heavily, and the night black as ink. The mistress and maid went to bed, and although wor-

ried and anxious, finally went to sleep. After midnight Mamie found herself awake and a bright light shining in the room. She started up and saw that it was the moonlight. The storm had cleared away at last. She got up, unable to compose herself immediately, and went to the window. The moon was indeed shining brightly. As she stood looking at the peaceful scene before her, she saw way down the road, for it was as bright as day, several horsemen. It was such an unusual sight at this hour that she stood watching them as they that she stood watching them as they came nearer. To her surprise they turned up the lane leading towards their house and on reaching the gate came into the yard. Now, almost paralyzed with fear, she saw that they were masked. The truth almost blinded her. They knew that she was alone, that she had this money, and they had come to get it. For a moment she was paraget it. For a moment she was para-lyzed. She remembered Harry's last ords: "You must guard it with your

words: "You must guard it with your life, if necessary."

She ran to the sleeping Sarah, and awakened her. She got down Harry's rifle, which he had loaded and taught her to use. The sleeping girl was soon thoroughly awake, and she explained to her their condition.

to her their condition.

"It's the tramps that's done it."

"The tramps. No, Sarah, the key, the key of the attic."

She flew up the stairs, unlocked the padlock and opened the trap. The man sprang up at the sound.

"Come, come with me." His own senses alert, and hearing the noise of the horses below and steps about the house, he followed her without a word.

"I have a large sum of money in the house, and those men have come to get it, thinking I am alone. If they kill me, that money must be guarded."

"What have you, pistols, shotguna?" he whispered, taking in the whole situation.

"Here is my husband's rifle. It is loaded."

"Hist. Where are they going to break in?" The steps came boldly on the piazza to the front door. "Get behind me. I will fire at the

first man that enters. How many barrels are there?" "Six; all loaded."

"Very well. Ke o this cane in your hand for me, in case I need it."

There was no storming of shutters.
They heard the key applied to the door softly. It opened, and a man, followed by two others, confidently entered. The first figure walked directly to the stairs. He had taken but a step, when three shots came in rapid succession. There was a heavy thud; this man dropped, and the other two turned and fled. Sarah ran to the window, and two

horses galloped down the lane.
"Don't faint, madam; there's work yet to do," said the tramp.

Mamie caught hold of the rail for support, and then went into the room.
"Get a candle, Sarah."

They lighted a candle and gave it to the tramp, who went down stairs, the two women followed with brandy and ammonia. The man had fallen backward and lay with his face up and head toward the door.

"Raise the mask and give air first,

Mamie raised the mask, and fell back with a wild shriek.

"Do you want to know now why her hair is white?" he asked.
"It was Harry Wells!" I answered.
"It was that smiling, popular young

It's no use to ask why he did it. I don't care. Motives don't matter much in such a case. But she, Mamie—Mrs. Wells—she has her gray hair, but there is no trace of that midnight tragedy in

"I believe she was ill for a long time," answered my friend. "They say small-pox cures one of other diseases. Well, some griefs are like the small-pox; they cure you of lesser weakness-tenderness of the heart, for example. This, I think, was one of them-'

"And the tramp-" "He and Sarah were of course the witnesses at the inquest. The next day he was off on his journey, and I have never heard of him since."

Popular Sayings from Pope.

According to Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," the authors most frequently quoted from are—the order indicates their popularity—Shakspeare Milton their popularity—Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Byron, Wordsworth, Goldsmith, Gray, Tennyson, Moore, Scott, Dryden, Gray, and Butler's Hudibras. Of course, the Bible is by farthe most

popular source of quotations, and Shaks-peare stands next. But the writer whose works are read the least of the names given above is Alexander Pope. Yet he is the author who furnishes next to Shakspeare and Milton the largest number of popular quotations. The following list of quotations will give some idea of his popularity:

of his popularity:
Shoot foily as it files.
Man never is, but always to be, blest.
Lo, the poor Indian!
Die of a rose in aromatic pain.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole.
Whatever is, is right.
The proper study of mankind is man.
Grows with his growth and strengthens with
his strength.
Vice is a monster of so frightful mien, etc.
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw.
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right,
Order is Heaven's first law.
Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honor lies.
Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow.

Act well your part—there all the honor lies.
Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow.
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Look through nature up to nature's God.
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.
Guide, philosopher and friend.
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.
Mistress of herself, though china fall.
Who shall decide when doctors disagree?
A little learning is a dangerous thing.
To err is human, to forgive divine.
Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
Damn with faint praise.
Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike,
Breaking a butterfly upon a wheel.
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.
Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame.
And deal damnation around the land.
That mercy show to me.
The mockery of wee.
That Shakspeare drew.
Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few.

Driving a Horse. The horse that is about to be driven on a journey needs hardening by exer-

cising—preparing by sweating out the body to purify and increase the circula-tion of the blood, and also by hand-rubbing the legs to make them firm and elastic—a preparation in some degree corresponding with that attained by a horse that is daily driven on the road for ordinary work. For one week previous to the start they need daily exercise, commencing with eight or ten miles, and gradually increasing to twenty per day. This exercise with approty per day. This exercise, with appropriate food, will harden their muscles, strengthen their limbs, and prepare them to perform their tasks without giv-ing out on the road, materially declin-ing in flesh, or seriously exhausting their

hysical powers.

If we perform long drives with horses accustomed to short work only, the sudden transition from indolence to great exertion will relax their muscles, weaken their joints, depress their spirits, and break down their constitution. The break down their constitution. The leading cause of so many valuable horses being spoiled by long drives is from being short of work. They are not prepared for such severe exertions. Condition will prepare them to perform their work cheerfully, last out with sound limbs, and preserve their constitutional vigor for future usefulness.—National Live Stock Journal.

An Obliging P. M.
"Where's your mail?" asked a mail rider as he stopped at a small postoffice. "Where's your mail?" asked a mail rider as he stopped at a small postoffice on his route in the County of Polk, Ga. "Oh, never mind," said the postmaster, as he pulled at his pipe, "there ain't but four or five letters and we won't trouble about them to-day."

We wonder if he is not the same postmaster who grumblingly complained at

master who grumblingly complained at the extravagant use of postage stamps for "all sorts of foolishness, as it costs me a heap of money to buy stamps for you people."—Rome (Ga.) Bulletin.

Boss Liars.
One Sunday Lem Williams was seated

in front of Hank's grocery, spitting to-bacco juice at a grasshopper, when Bill

Barker inquired:

"How's crops up your way, Lem?"

"Well," he replied, "cora's sorter 'gin to
tasseling, but the stand is powerful poor." "That seems to be the general com-

plaint," remarked Bill. "Yes; this here country ain't good for raisin' corn," said Lem Williams, as he took a fresh chew; "but if you want to see corn what is corn, you jest oughter to go to Fort Bend. When I was farmin' down on the Brazos, in that country, my corn grew so tall and thick that I had to hang lamps on the mule's ears to see how to plow up a furrow. It was corn and no mistake, and in the fall the stalks were so high that I had to knock the ears down with a sassafras pole. Darn my skin, the ears was so big that it tuk a strong man to carry more'n three of 'em at a time." "Speakin' about strong men," remarked Bill Barker, "sorter causes me to remem-

ber an old steamboat captain who used to run on the Yazoo river in '58. One day he stopped at a landing fer some wood, and the niggers were kinder slow about bringin' it aboard. Old Judkins, the captain, roused up and cussed everythin' within reach. Says he, walkin' up to the woodpile whar the niggers were at work, Pile on yer timber, yer onery skunks, an' le' me show yer how to carry wood,' and he stretched out his arms. Well, sir, the niggers piled on the wood and kept piling, until Judkins had a cord and a half of firewood on his shoulders, and he turned and carried it on board the boat just as easy as if it was a bokay. He was what I'd call a purty tolerably stout man."

"That reminds me of a man I used to know in Buford county, Alabamy," said a stranger named Tipper, who had been in the neighborhood but a short time. All eyes were turned on the speaker as they began to size-him up. "I guess old Pete Jennings," continued the stranger, "was about the heftiest man in these United States, if I ain't mistaken."

"What about him?" inquired the crowd. "You see, one day he was hauling some fence posts in an ox wagon when the wheels began to creak like as if they needed greasin'. He looked under the wagon for his tar bucket, and found it warn't thar, and what do yer s'pose he

"I don't know," growled Bill Barker and Lem Williams in chorus.

"Well, I'll just tell you what he did. He propped up the axle-tree, tuk the wheel off, and steppin' out in the woods he picked up a pine knot, held it over the axle-tree and squeezed the tar outen it. Old Pete Jennings had a grip what beat a

vice, you bet."
"Stranger," said Lem Williams as he rose up, "I don't like to dispute a man's word, but that's a blazing lie and I ain't gwine to believe it." and he and Bill Barker, out-lied and disgusted, mounted their horses and left Tipper with a serene smile on his face as he whittled the edge of a cracker box.

A Cat and a Bird.

On Sunday last we witnessed a singular contest between a mocking bird and a cat. When first observed the bird was on the ground, about three feet from the cat, singing a shrilling, triumphant melody, that held its enemy entranced. The bird had come under the mesmeric influence of the cat and could not get away, and the cat, charmed by the melody of the bird, could not eat it. Several times it would crouch, give its tail a switching motion and prepare to spring, but the bird would approach, warbling in a milder strain, and puss would rub her head against it, purring in that manner so peculiar to these animals when pleased.

We watched to see how this novel contest would end, and even tried to frighten the bird away, but the cat caught it up in her mouth, ran off a short distance. put it upon the ground and let the little creature sing, seeming perfectly content with its music. We again approached, took the cat up, when the bird also flew up a tree near by and seemed deeply distressed, the cat meanwhile eyeing it wistfully. At last we succeeded in scaring the bird away and put the cat down, when it immediately started off to hunt up the bird. Whether it succeeded in finding it or not we can not say.—Ameri-

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The advertiser having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow softerers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, free of charge, with directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for coughs, coids, consumption, asthms, broachitis, etc. Parties wishing the prescription, will please address REV. E. A. WILSON, 194 Penn St., Williamsburg, N. Y. b, sure, cleantr and chear, Sample Package, Post-to etc. AGENTS WANTED, Address, J. H. Johnston, Philipargh, Pa.